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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

VOL. III.

THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF THE Marchioness De Lausanne, AND THE Comte De Luzy.

Translated from a French Manuscript.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE HERMIT OF THE ROCK.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

YOU look upon my situation as deplorable, my dear Maria, and from your extreme affection for me, believe that it cannot but be prejudicial

to my health, merely from my giving way to melancholy; but that melancholy, ſo far from being injurious to me, is the only conſolation I enjoy. To remove thoſe fears, however, which you feel for your unhappy friend, in conſequence of your tender affection for her, I can tell you that I met with an incident lately, which, for a ſhort time prevented me from giving any attention to my own ſorrows, though it is not in the power of any human event to make me ceaſe to lament the loſs of my ever beloved, and never-to-be forgotten Luzy.—After the hurry, indeed, which this incident occaſioned,

was

was over, I was the more ſtrongly reminded of my unhappy fate.

A few days ago we had here ſo violent a ſtorm of thunder, lightning, and rain, accompanied with a whirlwind which filled every breaſt with terror: every boſom but mine, to *that* you know diſtreſs is familiar: I was therefore leſs ſenſible of the danger; or rather leſs anxious of preſerving a life which has for ſome time been almoſt ready to ſink under the weight of accumulated wretchedneſs. Yet, though I am indifferent about my own ſafety, Maria, I could not behold from the windows of the caſtle, a veſſel

which had long ſtruggled to ride thro' the ſtorm, compelled at laſt to ſubmit to its overpowering violence, and bulged upon the rock, from which thoſe on board had ineffectually endeavoured to ſteer it. The ſcreams of the miſerable crew, reaching my ears, filled my ſoul with horrors. I *felt* for the unfortunate victims; I *felt* alſo for myſelf: terrified, at the idea that the mercileſs waves had ſwallowed up the beloved of my heart, my grief was renewed, and I wept aloud.—My people now came to tell me, that the greateſt part of the crew was drowned.—Methought I ſaw my Luzy ſinking a

ſecond

ſecond time in the fathomleſs ocean.—They imagined that my tears flowed for *them*, but they proceeded from an additional cauſe, ever to be remembered with the moſt painful ſenſations.—While I was giving a vent to the effuſions of my ſenſibility, Nannette, my faithful Nannette, came running into my apartment—" Oh, madam!" exclaimed ſhe almoſt breathleſs, " What a ſcene of diſtreſs have I beheld? In that veſſel you ſee broken to pieces by the ſtorm, was a family who are all drowned, except one lady, whom the ſailors had laſhed to a part of the ſhip: but the wind burſting the cords aſun-

der, ſhe was driven by it to the ſhore. She has been taken up more dead than alive by your people, who have made her bring up ſome of the ſalt water ſhe had ſwallowed; and they hope, if they can get her to take any repoſe, that ſhe may recover. But as ſoon as ſhe came to the remembrance of her unhappy ſtate, ſhe refuſed all aſſiſtance, all comfort, declaring, that as ſhe had loſt the only man in the world for whom ſhe wiſhed to live, ſhe did not deſire to preſerve her exiſtence."—Such a renewal of my ſorrows makes my heart grow faint within me.—My head is too weak to hold a pen—I

muſt,

muſt, therefore, for a ſhort time, bid adieu to my Maria—But, when my ſtrength and ſpirits will permit, you ſhall ſoon hear again from your, affectionate friend,

VICTORIA.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,
in Continuation.

I TAKE up my pen again, Maria, to continue my narration. I was before too much affected to proceed.

My people, at my desire, brought the lady they had saved, though with great difficulty, to the castle.—She now wept, now raved, and called aloud upon her Meilcour: vowing, that as he was forever lost, she would follow him, and partake of his watery grave; struggling, also, as much as she could, from the failure of her strength, with

those

thoſe who held her, and begging to be releaſed that ſhe might join her lover, her huſband.—How I pitied her, my dear Savillon! How did *her* loſs bring to my memory, my own!—My tears flowed afreſh when I thought of my Luzy; and by them I gained more upon her than if I had made uſe of a thouſand words.

She, at length, ſubmitted to the being led to the apartment I had deſtined for her.—She then addreſſed me in the following pathetic manner. "Your ſympathizing tears, Madam, have done more than the moſt earneſt perſuaſions could have effected: you feel, you cheriſh

my ſorrows: others inſult them by deſiring me no longer to complain.—*No longer to complain!*" continued ſhe, lifting up her eyes, while her hands were claſped in an agony of deſpair—"Not to lament, when I have loſt all I held dear on earth?—Oh, madam! you do not—cannot know—what a wretch you now behold—I would ſpeak—I wiſh to tell you—but my voice fails me—I cannot articulate my woes."—Here ſhe ſunk into a kind of fainting fit, and was conveyed to a bed near which I ſeated myſelf. While I was aſſiſted by Nannette, applying lavender-water to her temples, and volatiles

volatiles to her nose, I had an opportunity of taking a view of her person.— I found her young, lovely, and even delicate beyond expression, though the splashing of the sea, and the disorder of her dress had deprived her of those advantages which give graces to the finest figures. When she opened her eyes, and attempted to thank me for my care of her, there was an expression in *them*, and a melody in her plaintive accents, which filled me with admiration, and made me feel a double share of compassion for her fate. I endeavoured to persuade her to take some refreshment; but all my eloquence

could not, for a long time, prevail.—"No,"—cried ſhe with a ſigh, which ſeemed to rend her heart—"No, madam,—I cannot conſent to do any thing to prolong a life that muſt be ſuperlatively wretched, without the man whom I loved beyond myſelf—Only put yourſelf in *my* place"—continued ſhe.—"Suppoſe you had this moment loſt the dear beloved of your ſoul, the moſt amiable of men to whom you had ſworn to unite yourſelf by the moſt ſacred, the moſt binding ties.—To ſuch a man I ſhould have been united forever, as ſoon as we had ſet our feet on ſhore,—but in one ſad—dreadful moment, the

pitileſs

pitilefs waves, as if envious of my approaching felicity, fnatched him from my fight—tore him forever from me—Oh! Madam! can *you*, who never fuftained fuch a lofs—can you afk me to live?—Can you expect me to receive confolation?"—Here, my dear Maria, was a fcene for me!—What a revival of my own ever-to-be remembered forrows! what an addition to them! would it not have inftantly brought my Luzy before me, had it been poffible for me ever to forget him!—The fudden recollection pains my heart to fuch a degree of acutenefs, that my pen drops from my feeble

feeble hand.—When I have wiped away my tears, ſoothed, and indulged my ſorrows, I will endeavour to reſume it.—Till then, beſtow an additional ſhare of pity on

Your diſtreſſed

VICTORIA.

The

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

YOU will feel how I sympathized with this poor sufferer, Maria; I not only kept pace with her sighs and tears, but told her that she was, by no means, the only wretched of her sex: adding, that I had, myself, met with a dreadful calamity of the same kind, by losing the man whom I had all the reason in the world, to love,

love, honour, and revere.—Here ſhe ſtarted up,—looked earneſtly in my face, and, preſſing my hand with an inexpreſſible agitation, cried eagerly, "But you did not ſee him die—you did not ſee him float on the waves till he expired before your eyes—Oh! that—that was too much to bear!" How was my heart rent by ſuch pathetic expreſſions! They prevented me from offering her any immediate conſolation. I could only reply, in broken accents, "Yes—but I was the cauſe of his death."—"Ah!" replied ſhe, with a mournful, compaſſionate air, "that was killing indeed.—Yet you live, my dear madam:

madam: you have been graciouſly ſpared to offer comfort to ſuch a wretch as me."—"I *have*," anſwered I, collecting myſelf, in conſequence of this ſpeech (my heart ſunk within me, and I reproached myſelf for having been guilty of ingratitude to the Giver of All) "I *have* endeavoured to be reſigned to the Father of Mercy, but I cannot bring myſelf to the frame of mind I wiſh to be in. I cannot but lament the loſs of *him* whom I ſo dearly loved: yet I have not abſolutely rejected all comfort, I ſtill preſerve my life, at the requeſt of my remaining friends."—"But *I* have no friends remaining," replied

replied ſhe; "I have ſeen both my parents expire.—My dear mother, with her lateſt breath, gave me to my loſt Meilcour—and we were going to receive the laſt ſighs of an uncle of his at Naples, when this dreadful viſitation came upon us."—Here a freſh torrent of tears burſt from her eyes, and put a total ſtop to her utterance. She continued to weep for a conſiderable time;—I willingly bore her company, and actually found relief by giving a vent to my full heart: my ſympathetic behaviour ſeemed to touch her deeply—She daſhed away her tears, for a moment, and aſked my pardon

for

for having revived a ſorrow which I might have forgotten, had it not been renewed by *her*. Her manner affected me exceedingly—I ſaid and did every thing in my power to render her more compoſed. At length I prevailed on her to ſwallow a little light ſoup, and to try to take ſome reſt—She complied with my firſt requeſt, but *not* till it had been ſeveral times repeated—telling me—by way of return for my kindneſs—that I had convinced her it would be criminal in her to throw away her own life; and that we had never ſo much reaſon to hope for relief from our Creator as when we ſubmitted, without

murmuring,

murmuring, to his wise decrees. "Yet what relief," added she, with a deep sigh, "can *I* expect? Every thing which I valued in this world is lost—all my hopes are buried in the pathless ocean. I have nothing left to wish for or desire, but to follow Meilcour—I wish only to die.—We may surely wish for a period to our existence, without appearing in a criminal light.—Indeed, indeed"—continued she, clasping her hands, "I would not do amiss for the universe.—But I long to go to a better place, for *here* is nothing but sorrow and distress."—I could not help subscribing, in my own mind, to the

sentiments

ſentiments of this unfortunate ſtranger, my dear Savillon; I wiſhed, however, to give a different turn to them.—The appearance of *conformity* is ſometimes more effectual than *oppoſition*; I have found it ſo, and my dear Maria has, by this method, more than once ſoothed the tortured mind

Of her afflicted

VICTORIA.

The

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

MY poor unhappy guest, Maria, at length overcome with affliction and fatigue, consented to try to repose herself.—I then left the room, ordering Nannette to watch by her, and went out to breathe a little fresh air, in hopes that it would relieve my full heart, from which I strove to banish the unfortunate Luzy.—I thought, indeed,

indeed, I had ſomewhat leſs reaſon to complain, by having found that I was not the only woman in diſtreſs: I thought too, I might reckon myſelf leſs miſerable than this mourning ſtranger, having ſtill friends remaining who were moſt dear to me; particularly you and my Sancerre, who ſupplied the place of father, mother, &c. I thought too, that as my good Nannette, though in an humble ſtation, was a treaſure, it was my duty to be grateful; for an honeſt faithful ſervant, not inſenſible of our afflictions, is, perhaps, one of our greateſt comforts, as we can before them freely unboſom

ourſelves,

ourſelves, and by venting our ſorrows frequently find the greateſt relief: we are afraid to wound the heart of a near relation, or a valued friend by our complaints: there is alſo ſome kind of reſtriction before the deareſt companions of our days, who are either our ſuperiors or equals; but with domeſtics, there is no ſuch delicacy required: we pay no regard to their preſence; we give a vent to our ſorrows, as if we believed ourſelves unheard.—When ſuch humble friends as my Nannette, pay us that attention which we ſometimes require, we receive it with the greater ſatisfaction,

as

as we can receive it without conſtraint; and are even at liberty to return a peeviſh, diſcontented anſwer to their offered conſolations, without caring whether we pleaſe or offend.—"What comforts are theſe?" ſaid I to myſelf.—On a ſudden, caſting my eyes on the beech, and beholding the foaming ſea, I ſighed aloud, and aſked, if the rolling waves would recall my Luzy.—I walked, haſtily, to and fro, quite abſorbed in theſe contemplations for ſome time.—One of my ſervants then came running towards me, telling me that they had taken up a man, who by his cloaths appeared to be of ſome

 faſhion,

faſhion, and that they had hopes of recalling him to life.—I ſtarted at this intelligence—my fond, fooliſh heart deceived me—from the ſimilitude of circumſtances—and I forgot that my Luzy had been long long dead; that his precious remains had been long food for fiſhes, and that had his body been diſcovered, and taken up, it would have been ſo changed as ſcarcely to have been known.—I then, recollecting my wandering thoughts, enquired what ſort of a perſon this ſtranger was.—I aſked, whom they had been ſo fortunate as to ſave.—The anſwer was, "a young, handſome man." A pocket-

book

book was found in his coat with the name of Meilcour in it. I immediately remembered that Meilcour was the name which my weeping inmate had mentioned. I flew to her with the intelligence, but my heart ſunk within me, when I conſidered that though *her* Meilcour was thus happily ſnatched from deſtruction, *my* Luzy was loſt forever.—Think me not ungrateful, however, to Providence; think me not too ſelfiſh, Maria; think not that I forgot to rejoice at the unexpected preſervation of her lover.—"Shall I be weak enough to feel ſorrow," ſaid I to myſelf; "ſhall I dare to be offended,

becauſe heaven, in its mercy, has judged fit to ſpare one man, and to deſtroy another? What reaſon had I to expect ſuch a miracle in *my* favour? Or, ſuppoſing I *had*, am I to murmur at my diſappointment? Can I pretend to know what is beſt, or argue with my Maker, concerning right and wrong?"—Theſe reflections made me aſhamed of myſelf: I hung down my head in ſilent ſubmiſſion to the will of the Almighty; I felt my heart full of gratitude for his merciful interpoſition in favour of the unfortunate ſtranger, and haſtened to charge my people not to ſurpriſe her too ſuddenly with this

happy

happy news, left she might not be able to support the shock of joy; having been often told that sudden joy is as fatal, sometimes, as sudden grief.—Would to God I were worthy of being tried!—Surely, I could die with pleasure for the restoration of my Luzy.—But I am complaining again—Oh pardon—and while you pardon, pity

Your ever affectionate,

however afflicted,

VICTORIA.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

I CONTINUE to write, my Maria, concluding that you wish to hear more of my fair guest. I am always pleased, while I am conversing with my Savillon; in that light do I consider the letters which pass between us.—To proceed then—I hastened to Mademoiselle de Narbonne; (for that is her name, as I was informed by

some

ſome who eſcaped the wreck) ſhe had been aſleep, for a moment—ſhe ſtarted, as from a terrifying dream: at firſt, ſhe appeared all confuſed.—"Where am I?" ſaid ſhe, wildly—"Where am I, Meilcour? Are you near me, my love? I ſeem faint."—She then, on a ſudden, recollecting herſelf, exclaimed —"Oh! now I know—fatal remembrance" (continued ſhe, wringing her hands) "*I* am on ſhore—and *thou*—Oh, my God—thou,—thou art drowned!"—Upon this, I approached, and begging her to be compoſed, aſked her if ſhe was ſure that he was loſt; if ſhe actually ſaw him expire; adding,

that people in his alarming condition had often been miraculouſly preſerved, and ſnatched from the waves which were ready to overwhelm them, and reſtored to their afflicted friends.—"Ah!"—replied ſhe—as if a faint beam of hope had entered her mind—then, ſuddenly correcting herſelf—ſhe added—"No—no—he is dead—I ſaw him die—and in the moſt dreadful manner."—"You might think ſo," anſwered I, "and yet you may have been miſtaken.—There is a man who pretends to have ſeen him alive."—"Oh! where is he?—who is he?"—exclaimed ſhe with great eagerneſs—in an agony

of

of expectation—yet apparently doubtful of the truth of what I had said.—"Is it possible, my dear madam?—Let me see him myself"— continued she, raising herself up—"Let me fly to him —I can revive him sooner than any one: my Meilcour would hear the voice of his Adelaide, though deaf to all the world beside."—It was with great difficulty that I could keep her from running out of the room.—At last, however, I prevailed on her to be more calm, telling her that I was sure he would come to *her*.—"Ay," said she, "so he would, were he able —I have no doubt of *that*. He would

fly through every danger to meet me—I cannot bear this ſuſpenſe—'tis worſe, far worſe than death: let me go—let me go—I will believe in the goodneſs of the Almighty—I will hope my love is alive."—With theſe words, ſpringing from me—for I had hold of her hand—ſhe darted towards the door, to meet her Meilcour, as ſhe hoped.—There ſhe was ſtopped by a meſſenger who came to tell us, that the perſon whom they thought was Mr. Meilcour was the captain of the veſſel, and that the body of the former could not be found.—This intelligence was too haſtily delivered for the poor Adelaide.

—She

—She instantly dropped, senseless, on the floor.—You may imagine, Maria, how much I reproached myself with having assisted in cruelly deceiving her.—But I must bid you adieu for the present. Salute for me your revered mother, remember me to our beloved Lindor, and believe me,

Ever your

VICTORIA.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

YOU say that you interest yourself greatly in the history of the unfortunate Adelaide, and intreat me to continue it.—" Ah! Maria! is not your Victoria as unfortunate—more unfortunate, ten thousand times!"—We raised Mademoiselle de Narbonne from the floor, but we could not for a long time bring her to life: and when

we

we ſucceeded, ſhe ſeemed to have quite loſt her reaſon. She raved, rent her cloaths, and tore her hair, called upon her lover, and aſked, why he had left her—why he had left her twice—why *one ſtroke* was not ſufficient to kill her?—And, indeed, we could hardly—both of us—ſupport the load of affliction with which we were oppreſſed.—As for myſelf, I was utterly incapable of making any attempt to afford my poor Adelaide the ſmalleſt relief. I thought, too much, how I ſhould have felt, had I been tantalized with the hopes of ſeeing my Luzy again; and if thoſe hopes had been all blaſted

—Oh

—Oh! my Savillon, what anguiſh is there in that idea! I ſympathize ſo deeply with my poor Adelaide, that I am unable to *think*—much leſs to *write*: I can only tell you, that it is very doubtful whether ſhe ever recovers her ſenſes: and that however mine may be affected, I muſt always remain,

Your faithful

VICTORIA.

Madame

Madame DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

OH! my Maria! my ſorrows are to have no end: I ſuffer not only for my own misfortunes, but for thoſe of other people.—The misfortunes of this poor Adelaide, indeed, reminds me ſo much of my own, that I *feel* more acutely for *her*, than I ſhould for any woman diſtreſſed in any other manner.

The

The perſon whom I mentioned in my laſt, was the captain of the veſſel which had been wrecked.—I found him, on his being recovered from the extreme fatigue he had undergone, an agreeable intelligent man.—After having thanked me for the relief and entertainment he had received at the caſtle, he added, "I underſtand, Madam, that Mademoiſelle de Narbonne was brought to this place before my arrival, and I doubt not but ſhe has met with every kind of aſſiſtance and conſolation which her ſituation required: I am apprehenſive, however, that ſhe will never ſurvive her afflic-

tions.—

tions.—I was conveying this unhappy young lady to an uncle of Monsieur de Meilcour, when the late most violent storm arose, which so alarmed her lover on *her* account, that he talked of nothing but the means of preserving the dearest part belonging to him; his beloved Adelaide.—We could not think of any better method than that of lashing her to a piece of the timbers: this method he approved of, hoping she might float on it to shore: this motion, however, she very strenuously opposed, declaring that nothing but death should separate her from her Meilcour.—He then, in order to prevail

vail on her, told her, that if ſhe would conſent to what we deſired, her compliance would not only contribute to her own preſervation, but to *his* alſo, as he ſhould be, in conſequence of it, enabled to direct the ſailing of her little bark while he ſwam by her to ſhore. This propoſal, though there was no great probability of its ſucceſs, had the wiſhed-for effect; it induced her to try it, and indeed nothing more could be done. She conſented to act agreeably to his deſire, but ſaid ſhe would firſt take leave of him, as ſhe really believed ſhe ſhould not live through the ſtorm: adding, that ſhe did

not

not wiſh to live through it, without being aſſured of *his* ſafety; being determined never to be left behind alive. —In vain did Meilcour urge that it was our duty to do every thing in our power to preſerve the exiſtence which was given us as a bleſſing, and that no change of fortune ſhould ever make us throw it careleſsly away.— All this time he aſſiſted in faſtening her to the raft, though the ſea ran ſo high that it was with the greateſt difficulty we could, any of us, compaſs our deſigns; and *her* fears for her lover, which produced the moſt pathetic lamentations, retarded us conſiderably in

the

the execution of them. At last, however, we finished our operations; we lashed her to the raft.—Just as we were going to launch her on the tumultuous waves, and when Meilcour was preparing to follow her, and to endeavour to swim to shore, she caught fast hold of him, and conjured him, by the love which he had always professed for her, never to abandon her—never to die without plunging *her* along with him into the bottomless deep.—"Let us go together"—exclaimed she—(in heart-piercing accents) let us go together—no matter where we go—If we cannot live united, let us die so—

I am

I am not afraid to die with *you*, Meilcour—I ſhould be grieved to leave *you*—yet if we *muſt* part—if we *muſt*—Oh! gracious heaven! let *me* be ſingled out by *death*! let me not have the miſery of ſurviving all that I hold moſt dear in this world!"—He ſtrove to encourage *her*; he ſtrove to ſupport *himſelf* by her ſide, and they had ſome reaſon to hope that they might, both of them, reach the point they had, moſt anxiouſly, in view: but their hopes were blaſted.—At the very moment Meilcour was within a few *ſtrokes* of the ſhore, a large wave rolled over him, and utterly deprived him

of

of the power of ſtruggling with his fate: it deprived him of his breath—and he was doomed to die. We ſaw the danger he was in, but we could not get near enough to him to be of the leaſt ſervice.—Adelaide alſo ſaw the danger to which her lover was expoſed; we heard a loud ſcream, and imagined that it was her laſt, for we heard no more. We ſtill, however, perceived her, for ſome time floating on the waves, which over-powered us all, and prevented us, indeed, from being able to give each other any aſſiſtance.—Yet, luckily, as I happened to be a better ſwimmer than Meilcour, I at laſt gained

the

the land, but I was ſo ſpent that I wonder how I could have ſupported myſelf ſo long.—Meilcour gave me his pocket-book before he threw himſelf into the ſea, which I preſerved in my jacket, as I could ſwim very well in my cloaths, and I beg you will give it to Mademoiſelle de Narbonne, accepting, yourſelf, my repeated acknowledgments for the care which your people have taken of me."

Here the captain finiſhed his narrative, which affected me exceedingly, as it brought to my mind the death of my dear Luzy, who periſhed juſt in the ſame manner as this Meilcour did.

—Oh!

—Oh! my Maria! Oh! that I had died at the ſame moment!—Yet pray forgive me—I am ſenſible of my irrational and immoral behaviour—But who would wiſh to ſurvive ſuch a lover as Luzy was to

Your

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

Madame

Madame DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

SHE is gone—my dear Maria: the poor suffering Adelaide is no more! — She could not survive the shock she had sustained by the loss of her Meilcour.—Oh! how could I survive the loss of my Lucy!—And yet I am alive; I live, and am in tolerable health, after an event which, as you might have imagined, would

have, inevitably, deſtroyed me.—But I ſhall never recover my ſpirits:—I ſhall never be releaſed from the melancholy with which I am heavily—heavily oppreſſed: *that*, however, is no object of my attention: 'tis no matter how I am, 'tis no matter what I feel, ſince Luzy is gone.—But to purſue my narrative.

When I returned to the wretched Adelaide, after the converſation with the captain, mentioned in my laſt letter, I found her just recovered from a ſwoon; just brought to herſelf by the ſtrength of the cordials which had been adminiſtered to her:—but as ſoon

as ſhe opened her eyes, ſhe cloſed them again, declaring, ſhe would not live; and aſked thoſe who were buſy about her, why they had reſtored her to life? As the preſervation of her exiſtence was only the continuance of her miſery. —In vain did they urge the crime of ſuicide, which was actually committed, they ſaid, by all perſons who perſiſted in not taking care of the life which their *Maker* had beſtowed on them as a bleſſing.—"I do acknowledge," replied ſhe, "that while Meilcour was mine, life was indeed, a bleſſing, moſt invaluable—and though I ſincerely wiſh, though I fervently pray to *die*"—

added ſhe, with a ſigh, from the bottom of her heart—" I am too ſenſible of the daring crime of ſelf-deſtruction to be guilty of it deſignedly: but God, who is all-merciful, in the midſt of his wrath, and who does not require more from his weak creatures than they are able to perform—God, will, I truſt, in pity to the ſufferings I have endured, haſten to releaſe me. I am going, I hope—and believe—to join my Meilcour."—

Here ſhe made a long pauſe—

Then, putting her cold, feeble, dying hand in mine, ſhe added—" Farewell, my dear madam:—may you be amply

rewarded

rewarded for all the kindness which you have shewn to a poor, distressed, unfortunate woman.—May you—Oh! may you never feel what *she* has suffered!"—

She then laid her face, composedly, on her pillow, and uttered not another syllable. She even went off without a groan.—Oh! that *my* last sigh may be like *hers!*—Why—why have I not followed my Luzy? I should then be at peace, like the poor Adelaide, whose last sentiments cannot, surely, be deemed blameable. She wished not to live; but at the same time, she was not afraid to die: life

had no charms for her, when ſhe was robbed of the partner of her heart, robbed of the man whom ſhe loved at once from duty and inclination:—Yet you ſee ſhe took no ſteps to put a period to her exiſtence.—She ſuffered with patience, and ſhe was—happily, I may add—reflecting on her moſt painful ſituation—releaſed.

I looked at her, juſt now, laid out upon her bed: looked at her with a kind of melancholy ſatisfaction, which I am not able to deſcribe.—I corrected myſelf, however, with this queſtion.—"Is ſhe not at peace?"—Oh! my Maria! would to heaven, I could ſay

that

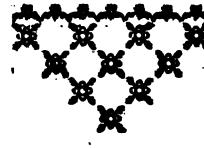
that my sorrows were at an end! But this unhappy event revives them.—Yet I will be resigned—I will not murmur—severe as my lot is, I will not complain—I will submit—Is not submission, is not resignation right, my Savillon? And am I not still—

Your own

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

Remember me in the kindest manner to Madam Villeneuf, and our good Lindor; they will, I am sure, sympathize with *you*, on my account: they have *hearts* which can *feel* for my suf-

ferings, and, in consequence of what they feel, will, no doubt, join their wishes to yours for the removal of them.—But of that I despair.—Such felicity is too much for me to expect—Felicity!—I have long bade adieu to *that*.—



Madame

Madame DE SAVILLON,

TO

Madame DE LAUSANNE.

HOW much have I felt for you, my dear Victoria! how exceedingly do I pity you! Surely, nothing could have been more unlucky than the *wreck* you have ſo pathetically deſcribed juſt at a time when you muſt have been deeply affected by it.—Yet ſtill, if you give yourſelf leave to reflect a little, my Victoria, you will

certainly allow that you cannot be ſo miſerable now, as you was while you lived with a man whom you had ſo much reaſon to diſlike from his unkind treatment; and though you may lament the loſs of the amiable Luzy, can you derive no conſolation from your being at-liberty to lament his loſs: From your being your own miſtreſs? From your having it in your power to ſay and do what you pleaſe, without having an ill-natured, tyrannical huſband to contradict and controul you? Nor to reproach you for the ſighs you vent, for the tears you ſhed, mourning for the fate of him who was

the

the man of your choice? During the life of Mr. de Lausanne, you could not without a degree of criminality speak to—or think of—your Luzy: though it were almost impossible for you to forbear thinking of him, and speaking to him. What a relief, therefore, to your over-charged heart was the death of this husband, forced upon you by the despotism of a father, who estimated all men by the riches which they possessed, and who paid no regard—flinty-hearted himself—to the finer feelings of the soul. Consider, also, my Victoria, that unjust and unkind as this father was, you obeyed him, and

gave up love for duty: you have, consequently, no reason to upbraid yourself with regard to your Luzy; whose loss you justly lament, but you ought not to suppose yourself the cause of his being dead—to *you*. By having acted the part of a dutiful child, you will be greatly commended by thousands for your prudential behaviour. You had not the most distant idea of injuring Luzy by your obedience to your parents: you only gave him a more exalted proof of your merit: for, admitting that you had been obstinate, and refused Lausanne, you never could have married Luzy, but in a

clandestine

clandeſtine manner; and would you have deſerved his love by ſo undutiful a proceeding? What opinion, muſt a man, do you imagine, have of the woman, who on *his* account, diſobeys her parents, and flies from her family with *him?* Can ſuch a woman be, rationally expected to be faithful? Will a *bad daughter* ever make a *good wife?* Can a man depend upon *her* who has diſcovered that ſhe is capable of deceit? Believe me, my dear Marchioneſs, you would never have been happy with *Luzy* without the conſent of the Duke of Clarence, and as that conſent could not be obtained, you ſhould be ſatis-

fied

fied with having obliged your father, though against your own inclination. On that account, the sacrifice which you made, did you the greater honour. We are told, my dear Victoria, that there is no merit in the performance of what really gives us pleasure: we are told that virtue arises from self-denial. These doctrines have, I allow, a severe appearance, and you will, probably, tell me, in return, that I should not have found obedience so very easy, if my choice had been like yours, opposed: and that, as my excellent mother was as fond of Lindor, as I was myself, every thing went on

smoothly.

ſmoothly. Drawing this concluſion from theſe premiſes, that I cannot form any judgment of the afflictions which you *have* endured, which you *ſtill* endure.—All this, I grant is true, in ſome degree; and yet *I have* felt, and *do* feel for you, my dearest friend: and it is my feeling ſo acutely for your diſtreſs which makes me avail myſelf of every argument in my power, to render you more ſatisfied with your own ſituation, even with the loſs of Luzy; though we have not indeed received any certain intelligence of his being dead, I am afraid to flatter *myſelf*, or *you*, with his being alive.

However,

However, were I ſure that he no longer exiſted, I cannot think that you were the cauſe of his death: if he was really loſt at ſea, it was an accident; it might have happened to him had you never married De Lauſanne: and ſuppoſing that in conſequence of that marriage, he had either deſtroyed himſelf, or thrown himſelf purpoſely in the way of danger, what a want of fortitude muſt he have diſcovered! How unworthy of being the huſband of my Victoria, muſt that man appear who cannot ſupport a diſappointment without flying in the face of his Creator! Surely, my amiable friend, herſelf,

muſt

must despise such a character: no longer, then, give way to an unavailing sorrow, but rather be thankful, that if heaven decreed Luzy's life should not be preserved, you were not united to him.—Your separation, in that case, would have been infinitely more painful. Reflect on what I have written, but do not reflect on it in the melancholy retirement you are: come away directly to your Maria, and in *her* bosom bury your grief. My mother, my Savillon, both intreat you to listen to my persuasions; they both insist upon your compliance.—While you were with me, you was less afflicted—

you

you may remember—as I did not su
fer you to indulge yourself with so
tude. — Return, therefore, to yo
friends my Victoria, to those frien
who wish most earnestly to drive aw
all sorrow, all sadness from your min
and to make you as chearful, as happ
as themselves: but if you cannot bri
yourself to make such an addition
our felicity, be persuaded, at least,
go to Paris, to go any where, rath
than stay in a place which so contin
ally forces you to recollect your lo
At Paris, you may amuse yourself wi
your Julia, and her difficulties, as th
are not of a sufficient magnitude

be lamented, may employ your thoughts, and not only steel you from your attention to your own troubles, but put you in a way to assist her in the removal of those with which she is oppressed: you may also, at the same time, serve our common friend Solignac, who may be, perhaps, without our friendly interposition, not a little injured by her capriciousness. She loves him, I believe, yet I believe too that she will put his patience to a severe trial.—Our Sancerre is certainly amiable, but is she not determined to make use of the power she has, evidently, over this poor man, in too

despotic

despotic a style? Solignac, undoubtedly, loves her too much for his own repose. I do not approve of trifling with a lover in this manner: a man whom we have encouraged. To let you see that such a mode of behaviour may be attended with disagreeable consequences, I will tell you a little incident which happened near us a few days ago. The Baron de Chamois had after a tedious courtship, gained the promise of the Countess de Vignolles, a young widow, who was highly deserving of his admiration, but had been left by the Count in very indifferent circumstances, occasioned by his extra-

extravagance: yet neither the ardent paſſion of Chamois, nor his conſiderable fortune, could prevent her endeavouring to exert all the power which, ſhe believed, ſhe had over him, nor hinder her from making him feel her caprice. She even took a pleaſure in ſeeing him miſerable on her account, and in laughing at his complaints. For a while, he bore this treatment with uncommon patience; his patience, however, was at length quite exhauſted.—Meeting with young Mademoiſelle de Murci at a rural ball, he took it into his head to try if he could, by making his firſt miſtreſs

jealous

jealous of Angelica, haſten her to reward his love. But his experiment had an effect juſt oppoſite to that which he intended. Madame de Vignolles, inſtead of endeavouring to recall him by a condeſcending carriage, played the *indifferent* ſo much to the life, that Monſieur de Baron imagined that ſhe never could have felt the ſlighteſt eſteem for him; that ſhe had, indeed, a particular averſion to him. Mademoiſelle de Murci, finding it both her intereſt and inclination to be kind to her new admirer, took him at his word. In ſhort, they were married in a hurry, and our widow is ſo much

chagrined

chagrined by her folly, and discomposed at her having lost so desirable an establishment, that she is fallen sick, in consequence of her lover's desertion: and she may, perhaps, pay dear for her disappointment, by its proving injurious to her health. Communicate this little anecdote to our Sancerre, my dear Victoria, by way of caution; it may do *her* good, and give a new turn to *your* ideas; you must not dwell any longer upon what cannot be remedied by all the *thinking* in the world.—Listen to me, my Lausanne; let the efforts I have made with my pen to amuse you prove

efficacious,

efficacious, and produce the desired change in your mind. With the best wishes of my mother, and my Lindor,

I am,

be assured,

your own

MARIA DE SAVILLON.

Madame

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

YOU are very kind, my considerate Maria, to endeavour to soothe the sorrows of a heart which is forever robbed of its peace. I am very willing to allow that what you say is just and proper; but I am afraid I am too wayward to derive benefit from your arguments or your persuasions. I had, I must confess, set my

heart—perhaps, too fondly, upon Luzy; and can you blame me for my partiality in his favour? You, who are no ſtranger to his perſonal charms?—Yet all lovely as he was in his perſon, *that* alone would not have ſo firmly attached me to him. His mind, Maria—I need not tell *you* that his mind was no leſs lovely than his outward form: and then the delicacy of his manners—his manners, Maria, were to the laſt degree, ſeducing. Yet you would have me think no more of this attractive, this amiable man! You would have me entirely forget him,—and—if I will not return to *you*,

would

would have me reside at Paris; that place of noise, tumult, and impertinence, where I have already endured so much unhappiness. No: it must not be—I cannot think of making myself still more unhappy, by a public exhibition of my sorrow; it is severe enough, I want no addition to its poignancy. No—I cannot bear the thoughts of such a proceeding—I will live and die in solitude. As I cannot recall my Luzy, let me, at least, feel the satisfaction of lamenting his loss, which I cannot do in a crowd. With regard to our Sancerre, I am sorry if she indulges her capricious temper at

the expence of Solignac's peace; but I can by no means think of going to *her* in hopes of reclaiming her, or of returning to *you*: my whole ſoul is, at preſent, too full of the idea of my Luzy, to permit me to quit a retreat where I am at liberty to nouriſh thoſe ſentiments which, however abſurd they may ſeem to thoſe who are happily *not* in *my* ſituation, are the only conſolations which I am capable of receiving; and ſo much relief do they give to my diſturbed mind, that I am not ſure whether they will not contribute to the preſervation of my life; a life which, I could not, on

any

any other terms, make an object of my attention. However, by remaining here I can give the rein to a thousand wild, romantic fancies, which, though they may appear ridiculous to others, afford ease to my over-whelmed heart, and render my painful situation less insupportable; imagining, that in this part of the *deep*, my treasure—my richest treasure was sunk, I can suppose that I behold the very spot where my drowned lover lies: my piercing eyes reach him in his watery grave. I call aloud on him, as if I believed that he heard me.—You think now, my Maria, that I give an

extravagant indulgence to my melancholy: you imagine, no doubt, that I injure my constitution by it—but I am of a different opinion: it soothes, it softens my mind; it gives me the only pleasure I am capable of receiving. You say that I have done my duty: I agree with you—but if my adherence to that duty—however justifiable—has destroyed the most amiable of his sex, should I not be unworthy of the love which he felt—generously felt for me, if I did not lament him to my latest breath? Oh! Maria—Maria!—Thank heaven! *you* never felt what *I* feel—may you ever

be

be preserved from such a trial! You cannot feel what I have endured: you met with no impediments to your happy union with the man you loved. —Your exemplary mother had the highest esteem for him; you was, consequently, blest beyond expression, in having *her* free approbation to sanctify the choice of your heart. It is impossible, therefore, for *you* to form an adequate idea of *my* sufferings. Let me, then, my dear Savillon, let me seek, unmolested, the only comfort I am able to receive, that is, the retreat from a world which cannot afford me the least pleasure; which, in fact, only

gives me pain:—By *appearing in that world* in a disagreeable light, I shall certainly disgust those with whom I associate; on the other hand, while I am in this peaceful retirement, I am interrupted, only, by my own sorrows, which were, indeed, greatly increased by the late melancholy *wreck*. And though the dangers and distresses of that unhappy couple brought the loss of my ever-to-be remembered Luzy more keenly to my mind; I will be more rational, more resigned.—I bend, most humbly, to the will of the Most High; I submit without murmuring, without repining to his all-

wise

wise decrees.—Yet, I see, I feel, I confess my failings, I must still lament my loss.—The pity that involuntarily flows from me when I remember the fate of Luzy, is surely a virtuous sensation. In hopes, therefore, that my Maria will no longer wish to remove me—at least, not at present—from a place which yields me the only consolation I can taste, I bid her adieu, adding my best respects to Madame Villeneuf and our Lindor, and intreat her not to be offended at the opposition made to her most friendly Advice

By her very unfortunate

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

A few days before the intended journey of the Marchioness to Belvoir Castle, on a visit to her friends Maria, Madame de Villeneuf, and Lindor, the History of the unfortunate Meilcour and Adelaide took place; that being ended, the Story of the Marchioness is resumed, and carried on without farther interruption.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SANSCERRE.

I AM arrived at the Castle Au Bois, my dear Sanscerre, after a long stay of five months with our admirable friends at Belvoir.—My excellent Maria accompanied me hither last week, but as Madame de Villineuf's ill health will not permit her making me happy by a long visit, she will be obliged to leave me, in a fortnight at farthest.

Lindor, who was our eſcorte, pretends to view this charming place as a horrid ſecluſion from the world—but I, who think differently from him, in reſpect to that world he boaſts of, may alſo be ſuppoſed to differ with him, as to the ſituation of this ſilent retreat. He and Maria have made a viſit to Nannette's mother, and the Comte has taken ſuch a fancy to her brother, from the good character he bears, that he has inſiſted upon his going to France with him, where he will ſettle him in a comfortable farm, and give him enough to begin the world with handſomely.—If his mother and ſiſter chooſe

to

to go to him after he is fixed in his new habitation. Lindor will send for them, and defray their expences thither. —Nannette, however, begs leave to remain with me forever, unless her mother should require her services. Excellent Nannette—never can I forget thy tenderness and fidelity!

We have walked on the sea coast—we have listened to the dreadful waves, that lash the sounding shore—we have beheld that terrible ocean, which swallowed up the treasure of thy fond heart.—Lindor was affected—Maria stole her handkerchief to her eyes—I was the only one that remained unmoved.

moved. I curbed my sighs—I wish-held those bursts of grief, which would have escaped me had I been alone.—I pretended to have my thoughts at Paris—I talked of it—I spoke of the lively pleasure that attended our fan-cesure—I cheated their penetration—for had they seen me weep—they would have endeavoured to persuade me to leave this solitude—and alas such scenes as these are all that can give me comfort now! When Maria is at a distance, I will not scruple to tell her my thoughts as they arise—then when I reason, she will not suf-fer a selfish wish for my presence to

urge

urge a motive for my quitting a place that yields me delight.—She will permit what I write to sink deep into her heart.—and she will, in idea, judge what *she* should do in such a situation.—Here it is far different—the solemnity of the scene, together with my tears and sighs, would banish every notion of comfort's being found alone—and without listening to my arguments, she would give me a thousand reasons, why I should rejoin her in the world.—Ah, I can never think of doing so without horror!

Maria came into the room as I ended the above sentence.—She is miserable

about

about leaving me in this *dreary place*, as Lindor will have it called.—I have endeavoured to convince her, that it is better for my own peace, that I ſhould remain here—and I have given her a ſolemn promiſe of leaving Sardinia, ſhould I ever be able to think of ſociety with leſs reluctance. This aſſurance has, in ſome meaſure, ſatisfied her—and indeed it could coſt me very little to give it, ſince I am perſuaded, that nothing which now exiſts has charms ſufficient to allure me from retirement.

Adieu my dear Sanſcerre—remember me to Solignac, whoſe patience, good

temper,

temper, and politeneſs, I admire—whoſe conſtancy you cruelly ſport with. Believe me to be always

Yours,

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON,

I AM rejoiced to hear of your safe arrival at Belvoir Castle, my dear Maria, and though our parting cost us both some pangs—yet the necessity of our doing so, must enable us to support such a separation.—You are not convinced you say, that such a

separation

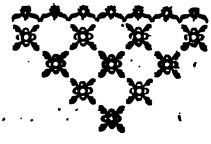
ſeparation is neceſſary.— Yes, yes, my kind friend—one moment's reflection will ſoon make it very evident that it is ſo. When I aſſure you, that this ſolitude has in its melancholy a thouſand charms that render it dear to me—will you not allow, that I ſhould be wrong to exchange it for a world, in which I have ever been unhappy?—Society cannot be procured, without bringing back to my mind a ſet of friends, whom it will be my fate to deplore for ever—and without which no company but yours can give me pleaſure.—Within myſelf I converſe with thoſe dear departed—I ſit and

meditate

meditate upon what they were—and anticipate the joy of meeting them in a happier country. The view of that ocean which inſpired you with horror, fills my ſoul with the ſofteſt ſenſations of grief.—I reproach it, indeed, with having borne from me the object of my love—but the tears that this ſubject calls forth from my ſad eyes, diſburden my heart of an infinite oppreſſion.—Do not, my Maria—do not ſeek to croſs this purpoſe of my ſoul.—If I am happier here than in a crowd—the end is attained—no matter how! I will begin a longer letter in a day or two—at preſent,

I have

ıave neither ſpirits or ſubject for :. Adieu, my Savillion!—Salute me my reverend friend—and brace in my name our beloved ndor.



The

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

IN my ſolitary walks, I have found out a delightful retreat upon the ſea ſhore. There is a vaſt rock, at the foot of which I ſit—whilſt its top which juts over conſiderably—forms a canopy for my head.—Here I contemplate that cruel ocean which robbed me of what I held moſt dear, and liſten to the murmuring of the

waves

waves which roll beneath my feet.—It is about a little mile from the castle, and at the back of this rock a thick wood adds a gloom to the natural awefulness of its situation. I strolled there last night, and seated myself at the bottom of the rock as usual, with my face towards the sea. The moon shone uncommonly bright, and reflected a thousand beauties on the calm and unruffled waves. I was inspired with a melancholy which at once took possession of my bosom.

"Ah!" cried I audibly, "Ah! inhuman element!—perfidious—dangerous ocean!—how many bitter moments

hast

haſt thou coſt me!—how many bitter tears have I ſhed by thy cruelty!—Perhaps this wave that dares to intrude ſo near me—was the very one, that bore Luzy from my ſight forever!—"Oh my God—my God!" and I claſped my hands in anguiſh, "behold my wretchedneſs—behold my agony!—ſhall I never again ſee him?—ſhall I never more look on that beloved object?—Ah, never, never—it is impoſſible!"—Here I pauſed for a few moments.—I cried—I ſobbed—I bathed my boſom with my tears. "Ah," added I, "he is dead!—Luzy, Luzy, it

was I that killed thee—it was by my infidelity you were loſt!"

The weakneſs of my ſpirits, my dear Maria, conjured a phantom to my raiſed imagination.—I thought I beheld him covered with wounds—and flitting on the boſom of the deep.—Again I ſaw him ſtruggling with the waves, and endeavouring to gain the ſhore—then, as over-powered, he ſunk beneath them—and was ſwallowed in the tremendous gulph. My miſery now cannot be deſcribed—I fell upon my knees—I called him by the moſt tender epithets—the name of Luzy was echoed by the rocks—

the woods—the lonely beach—all ſeemed to feel my ſorrows—and to invoke the lifeleſs author of them to return. As I ſtill kneeled, abſorbed in expectation of ſeeing him again—I was ſuddenly brought to my ſenſes, by perceiving myſelf raiſed from my knees—and by hearing a voice in the gentleſt accents entreating me to be compoſed.—I turned about to behold the perſon who accoſted me, and ſaw a venerable old man, whoſe beard was white as ſnow, endeavouring to ſupport me.

"Ah," exclaimed I, "who are you?—What do you do here?—Begone—and leave me to my wretchedneſs."

"Madam,"

"Madam," anſwered the benevolent ſtranger—and his voice faultered, "I beſeech thee, for the love of God, to call patience to thy aid—and not to abandon thyſelf thus to deſpair!"

His manner, and the tone in which he ſpoke, intereſted me, and in ſome meaſure reſtored me to reaſon.—I apologized for my rudeneſs — and added, that the grief in which I was immerſed, was of ſo poignant and extraordinary a nature, that it was impoſſible for any thing in this life to afford me conſolation. — I thanked him for the trouble he had given himſelf—and was about to take my

leave when he prevented me with this reply.

"If it be not too presumptuous, Madam, may I entreat you to unravel to me the cause of so fixed a sorrow?—This is the fourth time about this hour I have heard your accents of woe—and have been, until to night, cautious of breaking in upon your retirement. To night, however, your despair appeared more violent than ever, and I could no longer command myself from offering you my counsel and assistance—they are both, thou daughter of affliction, devoted to you.—If it can be

in

in my power to relieve the leaſt of thoſe pangs which I have ſeen you endure—I ſhall praiſe that Being who endues me with the means—and be but too happy, coſt me what it may, in the accompliſhment of it."

The earneſt manner of the Hermit (for ſuch he appeared to be) the ſincerity which ſeemed to hang on all he uttered — together with the reverence of his form, induced me to grant his requeſt.—I told him that if the ſtory of a miſerable orphan could in any meaſure intereſt him, I would the next evening relate it to him.

"Orphan!" repeated he—and he turned aſide to conceal his tears.

I thanked him for the part he ſeemed to take in my misfortunes, and aſſured him, I would not fail to be at the rock the next night at the ſame hour.—I then bade him adieu, and returned to the caſtle.

It is now almoſt time for me to ſet off in order to be true to my appointment — I ſhall take Nannette with me—though the appearance of the man forbids me to fear a deceit. You will, no doubt, blame me for this incautious behaviour—you may call it madneſs—or folly.—Alas, my

dear

dear friend, I have nothing to ſay in juſtification of it!—Yet the figure—the voice—the tears of this good man, ſeem to encourage me to unboſom myſelf to him—not that my doing ſo can avail, or reſtore to me my peace. —There is, however, a degree of comfort in complaining to a pitying ear—to a ſympathizing heart.— If you do not know this—you have never felt an extremity of grief.

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AH, my dear friend! I can hardly hold the pen to tell thee—I will lay it down 'till I can give the particulars—my ſoul is in a tumult—my ſenſes are hardly ſettled.

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I WENT laſt night with Nannette to the rock—we waited ſome moments before we heard or ſaw any mortal—at length we perceived the Hermit

deſcend

descend from a cavity in the rock which time had worn.—We arose to receive him—he approached—bowed—and taking my hand, he asked if I would honour his humble habitation with my presence?—I consented—but could not help observing that the Hermit's hand trembled as he led me.—We climbed up by easy steps, which nature's chisel had worked into the rock from which we had seen him descend—and entered into a sort of apartment which I never could have formed an idea of, unless I had beheld it.—The roof is arched and high—and the fretted work with which

it is covered, appears at once to ſtrengthen and adorn it.—On the ground, were a few planks laid rudely down—and in one part of the room, a ſmall table was ſet, with two lights on it, and ſome refreſhments—ſuch as cakes, fruit, lemonade, &c.—Every thing looked neat in ſpite of the ſingularity of the manſion; and after we were ſeated, the Hermit with ſimplicity (and at the ſame time a grace he could not diveſt himſelf of) did the honours of his table. I then entered upon my melancholy relation, and told it moſt faithfully indeed—every pang I had ſuffered ſeemed to

recur

recur with added poignancy to my remembrance, and in painting what I had endured, I affected the Hermit beyond meaſure—he ſighed—he wept—he even ſobbed aloud.—When I came to the concluſion, I claſped my hands with fervor, and turning to the Hermit, I exclaimed, "Ah, father! Have not my ſorrows been bitter ones?—Have not my youthful days—been days of woe?—Oh, my Luzy!—God knows my heart—how I have loved thee—how my whole ſoul has dwelt upon thee, even when my hand was rudely torn from thine!—It was by my infidelity he died:—He became a

victim to those vows, which in the aweful face of Heaven I made and broke!"

Here I wrung my hands in the agony of affliction, and called wildly on the name of Luzy.—Guess my astonishment, my dear Maria, when I beheld the Hermit catch me in his arms, and felt him press me with the liveliest transport to his bosom.—I shrieked, and so did Nannette.—He freed me from his embrace—and before I could open my lips to upbraid him—he had thrown off his Hermit's dress—and appeared—Luzy himself!—He fell at my feet.

"Now,"

"Now," cried he, "will you throw me off?" And clasped me as he kneeled.—As soon as I perceived it was really him, I sunk into his arms —we wept over each other's bosom— he kissed off the tears that fell in large drops down my cheeks—he held me with rapture to his heart—he called on God to witness the accomplishment of his felicity.—I heard no more—the too rapid—and too exquisite emotions which by turns possessed me, were too much for a frame so weak as mine to support— I fainted — when I recovered, my

amazement

amazement encreaſed ſtill farther, by the appearance of the Marquis de Palmene, who was chaffing my temples with lavender, and whoſe tears flowed upon my hands which Luzy held locked in his.—I can deſcribe no farther.—Suffice it to ſay, that the object whom I loved next my God — whom my duty had induced me to reſign — whom fate I thought had torn from my longing eyes forever, is at laſt reſtored— and all my paſt misfortunes are forgotten.

NOW,

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NOW, my Savillon, participate in my felicity.—Enclofed, I fend you an account of what has befallen my Luzy fince we laft met at Madame de Sanfcerre's Chateau, and written by himfelf. He would not talk on the fubject the night of his difcovery —but promifed to write the whole ftory the next day—he did fo—I received

received it early in the morning—and you will have it just as I read it—you must recollect the hand—shew it to Madame de Villineuf—to our Lindor—you will kiss the charming manuscript—you will weep over it—then judge of my emotions—my raptures—my too exquisite happiness!

Adieu, my Maria—dispatch to Sanscerre an account of these joyful tidings, and enclose her Luzy's packet when you have perused it.—I would write to her myself—but I am now as unfit for a correspondent through excess of happiness, as I once was

from

from a contrary cauſe.—In all ſituations be aſſured, I hold thee dearer to my heart, than the pen of mortal can deſcribe.

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

The

The COMTE DE LUZY,

TO

The Marchioness DE LAUSANNE.

WHEN I quitted your presence, charming Victoria, at Madame de Sanscerre's, instead of embarking for Martinico as I told you, I accompanied, in disguise, my friend De Palmene to Italy.—I resolved to leave the world, as every thing in it had now given me disgust but one fair object

object whom I considered as loſt to me for ever. Palmene could not perſuade me from the reſolution I had taken.—He determined to accompany me to whatever retreat my fancy led me to make choice of—and we ſoon after embarked for Sardinia, firſt giving out, that I was on board a ſhip then under weigh for Martinico from the port of Bourdeaux.

When we arrived in this iſland, Palmene brought me to a ſolitary part of it, where he had an antiquated caſtle, inhabited only by an old attendant. Here I reſided ſome months.

—At

—At length I discovered that ro
where I was so blessed as to beh
you. I visited it often, thinking i
place best calculated to indulge
cherish melancholy. I soon after t
up my habitation in it, and at
same time assumed the dress of
anchorite.

Palmene often went privately
Paris in order to bring me an
count of you. He there heard
the Marquis, your husband, trea
you cruelly—and complained to m
of your behaviour and hatred tow
him, assigning that as a princ
cause for his absenting himself f

y

you, and his attachment to other women.

Unhappy at theſe conſtant reports, I agreed to accompany my friend in diſguiſe the next time he went to France; and learning that you were gone to ſpend ſome weeks at Trois Riviere, we determined to follow you thither, and conceal ourſelves in the neighbourhood of that enchanting place. There I had an opportunity of beholding you often when you wandered with your friend Madame de Sanſcerre in the park and woods unattended. One night I had very nearly diſcovered myſelf to you as I

was endeavouring to make my eſc
without being obſerved — the n
however, which I made in atten
ing it, ſo alarmed you both, as
occaſion your quitting the wood
mediately.—I want words to deſc
to you the emotion which took po
ſion of my boſom on ſeeing your
proach, and in being ſo freque
near you—my heart was ever re
to betray me on ſuch occaſions,
it was with difficulty I could prev
myſelf from falling at your feet.

Another night I followed you,
companied by Palmene, to Mad
de Sanſcerre's; and during the co

of the evening, as we were near the caſtle, we heard that you had quitted it to return to Trois Riviere. We directly mounted our horſes, and taking our two faithful domeſtics with us, purſued your carriage with as much ſwiftneſs as poſſible. We found you in a ſituation that indeed required our attention. A man had forced you into his chaiſe—your ſhrieks and cries which we heard at a diſtance, gave additional ſpeed to our courſers. We were happy enough to reſcue you from the barbarous violence of the Duke de Maurice; and whilſt we were engaged in recalling you to life, he made

made his eſcape in the confuſ
Ah, my God! what were my ag
tions when I held you in my ar
breathleſs, and to all appearance
the very verge of the grave!—I w
over your almoſt lifeleſs form—I da
to imprint a thouſand kiſſes on y
lips—I implored you in the agony
my ſoul to revive—and I whiſpe
in your ear that it was Luzy w
called you to life. I ſhould certai
have made myſelf known, but that
feared the malice of your enem
would have ſtyled that meeting
intentional one on your part—and
would rather have died, than ha
ſuffer

ſuffered your ſpotleſs fame to have been ſo cruelly ſlandered: therefore, when I beheld the ſurgeon approach, I muffled myſelf up, and after he had given you all the aſſiſtance in his power, I attended you with Palmene to Trois Riviere. Nannette was ſo engroſſed by her grief that ſhe ſcarcely looked at us.—We were in a great meaſure rejoiced at that circumſtance, and took a haſty leave, aſſuring her, at the ſame time, we would call again to know how you did. We again concealed ourſelves in the neighbourhood, and we ſoon after learned that you were perfectly recovered.

One day I beheld you weeping in a lonely grove, where with many tears and sighs you called upon my name. —Madame de Sanscerre, in a short time, joined you—and chid you for encouraging your ideas to dwell upon a man whom it was your duty to think no more of.—Never shall I forget the silent woe with which you listened to her lecture!—You wrung your lovely hands—you clasped them with a wildness of sorrow which pierced my soul—you afterwards embraced her, and entreated her not to despise you. As for my part, I could hardly refrain from shewing

myself,

myself, and catching you in my arms. Palmene, however, withheld my transports—and kept me within the bounds of moderation.

We shortly after quitted France, and returned to Sardinia—I, with unfeigned grief, perceived that your faithful bosom nourished my idea—and I supposed that that circumstance prevented your behaving towards the Marquis with that degree of affection, which would perhaps have converted him to virtue and to you.

I therefore gave out, through the means of Palmene's faithful attendant, that I had been lost in that very ship

which had ſailed for Martinico about the time that I ſaw you at Madame de Sanſcerre's—and he contrived to relate the ſtory to Solignac himſelf, who had never ſeen him in the Marquis's ſervice, and who did not know him any further than as a coffee-houſe frequenter; where he had induſtriouſly ſpread this report about a quarter of an hour before he ſaw Solignac enter the hotel. The veſſel I have already mentioned had actually foundered at ſea, and as my friend the Comte knew it was in that ſhip which I intended to embark, he gave me up as gone forever. I imagined

this

this news would at first cause you some pangs, but that when they subsided, you would place your affections on a worthier object, and make your husband happy. In the mean while I abandoned myself to grief and despair—no remonstrances could induce me to re-visit any place again where I might chance to behold you. The torments I suffered in seeing you at Trois Riviere, without ever daring to make you sensible of my afflictions, cost me so dearly, that I could not form a wish to repeat them — and unless I could look on you as mine, I desired never to behold you more.—

The reflection of your being in the possession of a happier man, was sufficiently cruel in itself, and I needed not the farther misery of becoming a spectator of his felicity — of frequently seeing the inestimable prize he gained, when I lost my Victoria —the comparison between us was not to be borne!

I spent my time from that period in the rock—my food was the simplest in the world—my usual dress was just what you there beheld me in—and my bed was many nights the bare earth. My friend Palmene participated in all my afflictions—in all

my

our austerities—and we lived like men disgusted with the world, and willing to hide themselves from the haunts of mortals.

The Castle au Bois we knew was not many miles from our retreat—but no one inhabited it, excepting a poor family, whom in our journey hither we were so happy as to have it in our power to relieve—and who could never have known us again, had they chanced to see us in our new metamorphosis.

When I first heard your voice, lamenting my untimely fate—I was buried in meditation within my cell.—

I ſtarted.—Palmene, who was with me, was as much amazed as myſelf.—We drew near the cavity in the rock, and liſtened to your heart-rending accents.—We were undetermined whether to appear or not—but my emotions were ſo violent at that time—my ecſtaſies ſo great, that I ſhould inevitably have diſcovered myſelf immediately. —You, however, ſtaid only a ſhort while—and we followed you, unperceived, leſt any accident might have befallen you on the way.

The ſecond time I almoſt reſolved to ſpeak to you—but my doubts of your huſband's death deterred me from

from it—and I was determined, were he living, not to make myself known, hoping that time would wear off the keen edge of your affliction, and inspire you with an affection for Lausanne.

The third visit you paid the rock, produced no other consequences than the two preceding ones had done—but the fourth time I could not command myself — your sorrows seemed to encrease—the poignancy of them was exquisite — I adopted the only method I could think of, to learn your present situation, in beginning to hear your story — and no words —

no pen can do justice to the felicity of my soul, when I learned that the bar was removed which alone obstructed the completion of our happiness.

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THUS, my dearest Victoria, have I briefly ran over the events you desired to be informed of — I have neither expatiated upon my past sorrows—or on my present bliss—they

are

are so much beyond the power of language to express — they *exceeded* the most poignant distress — they *exceed* the most exquisite pleasures.

Oh, my Victoria! — Life of my soul! — what happy prospects are now before us! — What hours of bliss await our fidelity! — Do not delay its reward. — Suffer your Luzy to call you his — he has long been the most ardent of lovers — allow him to become the most tender of husbands.

Palmene and I mean to present ourselves at your feet in a few hours; we will beg leave to invite ourselves to dine with you. — I have sat up all

night—extremity of joy is an enemy to ſleep—I will throw myſelf on my bed, though well convinced that the delightful ſenſations I experience muſt prevent the cloſure of theſe eyes which uſed to paſs moſt hours in weeping.

Permit me, thou beſt beloved of mortals, to ſubſcribe myſelf thy

Moſt faithful,

thy happy

LUZY.

Madame

Madame DE SANSCERRE,

TO

Madame DE LAUSANNE.

I AM coming, my Victoria, to be a witness of thy felicity.—I shall be at the Castle au Bois in a few days.—I should have been there long before, but that your prohibition to the contrary was so determined—was so severely pronounced.—You, who would not suffer me to be a partaker

taker of your ſadneſs, will not, I find, deny me a ſhare of your happineſs.—Generous Marchioneſs!—I could almoſt quarrel with you for being ſuperior to moſt of your ſex.

Solignac's emotions are not to be defined—his joy exceeded all bounds, when he was informed that Luzy ſtill lived.—But, alas! how ſenſibly did he feel the want of confidence in him that Luzy teſtified, by not unboſoming his intentions to a man who was his friend from his infancy!—They were brought up together—they ſeemed to have but one ſoul.—He is chagrined—he is penſive—he mutters to himſelf.

"Ah!"

"Ah!" cried he the other morning, forgetting I was present, "it was not friendly—it was not kind!—what grief did he occasion me!—how could I have merited this from him?"

Solignac, however, intends to accompany me to Sardinia.—We shall set out in a day or two.

I write from Belvoir Castle.—Madame de Savillon presented her husband with a lovely boy the night before last—she writ to you just before her illness*. She now tells you that she is well, and embraces you cordially.—

* This letter does not appear.

Madame

Madame de Villeneuf, her mother, and the amiable Lindor, salute you with the liveliest affection. Believe me to be

Ever yours,

JULIA DE SANSCERRE.

The

The COMTE DE SOLIGNAC,

TO

The COMTE DE LUZY.

WERE I to appear before you, my lord—I am hurt at the idea of doing so!—You have thought me for some time unworthy of your friendship—that circumstance renders me odious in my own opinion.—Yet, let me do justice to my senti-

ments:

ments :—should I offer you my hand —you may venture to take it —it belongs to a man of honour.—Never have I ſtrayed from the principles of virtue which firſt united our ſouls—never have I, even in thought, betrayed your confidence, or acted unworthily of the Comte De Luzy's friend.—You beſt know the motive which induced you to withdraw from me your regard — you, who I never imagined poſſeſſed the leaſt tincture of caprice, have, I make no doubt, good reaſons for what you have done. —It is that notion which diſturbs me —which renders me very unwilling to

behold

behold you. Yet be assured, if I ever have offended against our friendship, it was done inconsiderately, and without the consent of Solignac.

I attend Madame De Sanscerre in her excursion to Sardinia.—I shall at some distance from the Castle au Bois await your reply.—The Courier whom I dispatch with this is faithful—and will not discover the spot where I shall reside, until I judge whether it is proper for me to see you or not.—I will own that it depends on the reasons you give me, for having so cruelly abused my affection.—If they are satisfactory, I shall proceed

with impatience to embrace you—if not—I shall return to France, and shun every place where Luzy can have an opportunity of meeting the

Injured,

SOLIGNAC.

The

The COMTE DE LUZY,

TO

The COMTE DE SOLIGNAC.

NEVER, my dear Solignac, never could I bear the ſtings of my own heart—the bitterneſs of your reproaches, had I injured you as you ſuſpect.—My friendſhip for you is unimpaired—and the ſtrongeſt proof I could have given of it, was that

which

which has drawn on me your displeasure.

You may remember that on quitting Clarence, after I had received my father's summons to attend him in Italy, I swore that if any thing should happen to interrupt my union with the mistress of my fond soul, I would bury myself in some obscure retreat, and hide me forever from the world. At first you laughed at my romantic resolution—but finding me fixed in it—you, in as solemn a manner, swore to be the companion of my confinement:—nay, you even vowed that though you should have enlisted under

the

the banners of Cupid, you would leave the object of your love, and dedicate your future hours to friendship only.

As we travelled into Italy, we beheld the charming Madame de Sanscerre; who had, at the tender age of eighteen, buried a cruel husband, after having experienced the most barbarous treatment from him. She was in her weeds—and appeared exquisitely beautiful.—You admired her extremely — and shortly owned that you loved her passionately. — Your friendship, however, still conquered your wish of attaching yourself to this amiable woman, and in spite of all I

could

could urge to the contrary, you accompanied me to Italy.

I will pafs over my misfortunes after that period, and haften to my return to France after the Marchionefs de Laufanne's marriage.

I met you at Palmene's — I told you that I was determined to be abfent fome time from Italy—and had alfo refolved never again to fet my foot in France. You inftantly reminded me of your promife to go with me to whatever defart fpot my fancy pointed out—and infifted upon performing it. In order to prevent fo generous an intention, which would

have

have been fatal to your own felicity, and that of the lovely Madame De Sanfcerre, I affured you I had altered my fcheme — and declared I fhould accept of an invitation given me by the Marquis De Louvoi, then general of Martinico, to go over to him, and fpend fome little while in a part of the world which many think worth feeing, until time could have meliorated, in fome meafure, the keennefs of that affliction which was, at this period, fo poignant and diftrefsful to me. Palmene, who had forfworn, from a former difappointment, the tendereft of unions with any of

the ſex, deſired, through a frolick, as he termed it, before you, to accompany me to the Weſt Indies.—I agreed to his going with me to Bourdeaux—but not a ſtep further.—He appeared to acquieſce in this determination, but proteſted he would live in Italy ever after, unleſs I conquered my diſguſt to France, and conſented to return to it, in which caſe he would ſee it again with pleaſure.

You tried to perſuade me to ſuffer you to become my companion in my voyage to Martinico—but I diſſuaded you from that propoſal, as I plainly

foreſaw

foresaw it would have been death to your repose as a lover, as also to that of Madame De Sanscerre, who indeed, at that time, imagined she saw you only as an amiable and accomplished friend. I, however, knew better her sentiments of you — for from the first moment of your meeting, I perceived that Cupid had not done his work by halves.

I objected to your going with me to Bourdeaux, under a pretence of its only tending to protract the distress of parting—but, in reality, lest you should find out that my intention was not to go at all. Palmene, who had

nothing to engage him in the world, and who loved me well enough to leave it with me (particularly as I chose Italy for my place of residence) obtained my consent to bear a part of my sufferings.

As to the uneasiness the report of my death could have given you—I did not hope that you would have regretted it—but as you knew what it was to love with ardour, you must have thought death desirable after such a disappointment as mine.

These are the only reasons I have to alledge in my defence.—If I have acted wrong, impute it to an

error

error in judgment, but do my friendſhip juſtice.

I conjure you, my dear Solignac, to let me ſee you immediately. — If you ſtill regard me, I claim this requeſt as a token of it — If you do not — you will gladly lay hold of any excuſe to deprive me of one of the greateſt pleaſures of my life.

Adieu. — I will no longer detain your courier, and be convinced that if he is ſuperior to betraying his lord — your friend is far above an idea of tampering with his fidelity.

Suffer me to embrace you ſoon, my dear Solignac, and think me always

Your faithful

DE LUZY.

Madame

Madame DE SANSCERRE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

NOTHING can equal our happineſs at the Caſtle au Bois, my dear Maria—all our paſt misfortunes are buried in oblivion.

Luzy—the enchanting Luzy is more charming than ever! — The lively — inſenſible Palmene more agreeable if

poſſible — and our Victoria's beauty receives additional luſtre from the ecſtatick pleaſures which have at length crowned her duty and fidelity.

Solignac received a letter of explanation from his friend the Comte de Luzy, which reſtored to him his peace, and they met like long ſeparated friends, whom time and abſence had rather endeared than alienated from each other. They have made an exchange of two noble ſeats in their poſſeſſion.—Luzy reſigns one of his in Italy, which is called after Petrarch's famed Vaucluſe, for Clarence,

rence, which Solignac purchaſed from the Marquis De Lauſanne with an intent of ſecuring it for the Marchioneſs in caſe of her huſband's death, and which he inſiſted upon doing very ſtrenuouſly by putting her at preſent in poſſeſſion of it—but neither ſhe or Luzy would hear of it, unleſs he would accept of an adequate return. Victoria's eyes thank her adoring Luzy for this proof of tenderneſs—he would eſteem himſelf far over-paid for a much greater exertion of his power to oblige her, by only one of thoſe ſmiles with which ſhe favours him.—He ſeems to live but

in the hope of making her happ
The moſt trivial inſtances he
ſiders as matters of conſequence,
lights in gratifying her in all
little preferences — in all her
formed wiſhes.—Oh, ſuch a man,
dear Maria, does not often app
And ſurely heaven has formed
him the only woman in the wo
who could flatter herſelf with poſſeſ
unrivalled, ſuch a heart.

Poor Solignac! me thinks the
of Sardinia does not agree with hi
he is not ſo handſome—nor ſo gr
ful as he was in Paris. — He is
lively at times—at others too dull

He met me in the wood yesterday walking with Luzy. — He exclaimed against a conversation so private, and swore the Comte was become a downright monopolizer. — The charming creature laughed at his fears of him, and appeared to rally. — He, however, without seeming to intend it, soon slipped away, and left Solignac to entertain me alone. When he was gone, Solignac kissed my hand, and said some gallant thing or other about my looks.

"Psha!" cried I, rather peevishly —and turned aside.

"What is the matter, my amiable Julia?" returned he, "Are you not well? — Or have I been so unfortunate as to offend?"

I answered not—He proceeded.

"Tell me, my beloved mistress—suffer me to penetrate into those ideas which seem so greatly disturbed—no common circumstance could have thus ruffled your tranquility."

"Stupid!" replied I.

"Ha!" exclaimed he.—"I beseech your pardon, madam.—When you are at leisure to hear me with patience—when you are disposed to away with my stupidity—for the sake, at least,

of

of the ardour with which I contemplate your superiority—you will find me ready to obey—and happy to attend your summons."

He made me a pretty half stately graceful bow—and walked off without being recalled.

"Now, Sanscerre," cried I to myself, when Solignac was out of sight, "thou art, indeed, a strange, inconsistent, ridiculous mortal! — Here is a man—a very *good sort* of a man—whom you loved the other day to a degree of enthusiasm—whom you have promised to marry—and whose fidelity you have made a cruel trial of.—

Here

Here now, I ſay, becauſe he is not quite ſo handſome as Luzy— becauſe he does not command ſo much ready wit—nor ſo elegant a flow of language —nor offer a noſegay with ſo much grace—nor preſs a lady's fingers with ſo gentle, nor ſo tender an air—and ſo becauſe he is not ſo very perfect —you treat him ill — you view him with diſdain—you oblige him to quit your preſence."

I pauſed—I believe I bluſhed—in truth I was aſhamed of my behaviour, and was determined to advance owards the Caſtle in order to make eace with my forlorn ſwain. — But

will

will you believe that I found the gentleman in the dumps, after making a long complaint of me to Victoria, who assumed upon my approach all the grave airs of a matron.—When I entered the saloon, where they were sitting in judgment on me, I was received by the Comte with all the distant respect due to an entire stranger—and by the Marchioness—as a giddy indiscreet creature, who was about to trifle away her happiness.—An air of pity and resentment, were by turns put on as I drew near her—she, however, uttered not a syllable—and I affecting not to observe the

inge

change which was visible in both, drew a chair near Victoria, and sat down.

"A charming morning," cried I, "for walking!—I have been rambling about the woods these two hours."

Not a word from either.

"Have you amused yourself in the same way, my dear?" said I to my pretty, prudent friend.

"No, madam."

"Why then, it is a thousand pities!—Purling streams—shady groves—and such a lover as Luzy — are certainly irresistible objects — and should be

constant

conſtant accompanyments to each other."

"I am ever happy," replied ſhe, "to ſee Luzy, whether it be within or without the caſtle,—I confeſs I am not romantic enough to enjoy his converſation only when the ſcene is rural — nor coquet ſufficient to treat him with diſdain at any time, or in any place."

"You are a good girl," anſwered I, "and I am happy that you have profited of the many leſſons I have given you on that ſubject."

She endeavoured to reſtrain a laugh —the Comte dared to ſmile contemptuouſly. "But,"

"But," cried I, "I declare I am a thoughtleſs being — you and your friend ſeem to have had a ſerious *tête-à-tête*.—Perhaps I diſturbed you! —Nothing could be further from my intention."

I aroſe—Victoria held my hand.

"I believe, Sanſcerre, you are a little jealous of my engroſſing Solignac's converſation."

I burſt into an affected laugh of triumph.

"Who, I jealous? — Oh, heaven!— and of the Comte too!—Indeed, my dear, you are extremely pleaſant this morning!—But I proteſt to you I am

as

as much compoſed as if I had met you flirting with my brother.—Adieu. —Pardon me—but I cannot help ſmiling at the conceit."

Victoria would not let me leave them—ſhe told me, that I had been the ſubject of their converſation, and ſhe was concerned to hear that I had unkindly driven her friend from my preſence.—To cut the ſtory ſhort — I will tell you that Solignac apologized for daring to reſent a little harmleſs coquetry of mine—and I was brought to acknowledge myſelf wrong in having exerciſed it. — In fine, Luzy ſoon after appeared — and partly by perſuaſion,

ſuaſion, and partly by grave lectures, they made me promiſe, that on the day which gives Victoria the title of Luzy, I am to aſſume that of Solignac. The creature has been arrogant upon it, I aſſure you, ever ſince—and it is with difficulty that I keep him in any tolerable degree of order—I endeavoured, indeed, to humble him ſome times by a ſly ſort of flirtation with the elegant Palmene—but the man is inſenſible to ſuch malice—and ſeems to ſet it at defiance.—I do not know but he has hit upon the only method of curing me of ſuch folly.

Palmene,

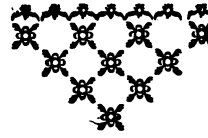
Palmene, who applied to the Marquis De Lauſanne in behalf of the good old people who reſided in this Caſtle, and who are now, by our Victoria's bounty, very comfortably ſettled in a habitation of their own, has made a match between their youngeſt daughter and a ſervant of his, one of the moſt worthy fellows in the univerſe. — the young folks like each other — and their wedding has been ſolemnized with the greateſt feſtivity. They are to be fixed on one of the Marquis's eſtates, which is at no great diſtance from the old couple's dwelling.

We

We are ſoon to be in Paris — we ſhall firſt, however, pay our reſpects at Belvoir Caſtle. — Adieu, my dear Savillon,

Yours moſt truly,

JULIA DE SANSCERRE.



Madame

Madame DE SAVILLON,

TO

Madame DE LAUSANNE.

I TAKE up the pen to upbraid you, my Victoria, with ſtaying ſo long in Sardinia, when your friends in France are dying with impatience for your return. I have a little ſtranger to preſent to you on your arrival at Belvoir; who, though he has not yet

acquired

acquired all the gallantry of his father, will not, I am ſure, be inſenſible to your careſſes.

The Duke De Maurice is married: —A young and artleſs country girl enſlaved him; and as ſhe happened to prove virtuous—he conſented to give her the honours attending on Madame La Ducheſſe.—He has reformed the moſt vicious of lives.—He is very ſeldom in Paris—and gives up even the pleaſures of ambition to ſacrifice to domeſtic felicity. Madame La Bert's fate it is ſaid ſhocked him—the poor creature died of a putrid fever, in the delirium of which the

Duke

Duke saw her. She was a striking picture of vice breathing its last in despair. She often called upon the name of Lausanne — sometimes in execration of it — at others, in imploring pardon. — She died more sensible of the horrors of eternity, than of those offences which occasioned that horror. — She often started, and asked the persons around her, *whether they believed there was a God indeed?* — At other times she exclaimed, "My life — ah, how short doth it appear! — And yet, alas! I could not, during these few years, make one preparation for the life that must last for-

ever!" She expired in agonies—which the agitations of her mind contributed to render insupportable. A pious priest, who was called in, frequently endeavoured to make her as sensible of the mercies of the God whom she feared, as of his justice—but she would never listen to his soothing conversation. She told him, *Not all his rhetoric could persuade her that any mercy for her could be found in a breast that was purity itself.* When she was almost dying, he bade her call upon God.—"Ah," cried she, "I am reduced to hope that there is no God at all!"

Thus

Thus it is, my dear Victoria, with all libertines. — They daugh at religion, which would put a restraint upon licentiousness — but when that awful moment comes, which is to convey them they know not whither — ah, what doubts — what pangs — what horrors!—Though it should be granted that religion is a phantom, would it not be safer to be guided by it?—It is at least a harmless one, and will lead us to no ill.—On the contrary—it will save us from committing actions which, in reasonable moments, we would blush at having performed—not because they infringe

on virtue — for virtue can only be ſtaunch where religion lives, but from a certain fear of the world which is natural to thoſe who live in it.—Ah, what conſolation on a dying bed to ſay, "I have hopes — I have been promiſed ſalvation—I have endeavoured to obtain it! — If there is a God (which it is my intereſt to believe) I am ſecure of happineſs—if not, there is comfort in an unpolluted conſcience, which was my heaven on earth.—Poor La Bert!—we will draw the curtain over her frailties—and only remember what they were, that we may endeavour to avoid them.

Tell

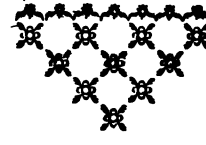
Tell Sanſcerre that I am glad ſhe has been at length convinced of her miſconduct in converting ſuch a man as Solignac into a mere dangler.—I rejoice that a time is appointed for making him bleſſed.—My mother inſiſts that the celebration of theſe two happy nuptials ſhould be performed at Belvoir Caſtle. Ah, my dear Victoria, is it poſſible that our Luzy is again reſtored — and that we have ſmiling proſpects once more in view!

Haſten to us, my beloved friends, and delay not to enter into a ſtate, which I experience to be of all others the happieſt. Every thing here is

ready to receive you—every one
look forward to your arrival wid
impatience which cannot be defcri
—My Victoria cannot refufe this e
eft entreaty to

Her,

MARIA DE SAVIL



Ma

Madame DE LAUSANNE,

TO

Madame DE SAVILLON.

NO, my dear Maria, I cannot refuſe you — I will no longer plead the mourning of a widow—I have hitherto done my duty, and will now prepare to perform it once more in the character of a wife.

We ſhall be at Belvoir Caſtle ſoon after the receipt of this.—We antici-

pate the happineſs that awaits us—we wiſh for nothing more. I embrace you, my dear, Madame De Villineuf, and Lindor, with tenderneſs.—Believe me

Always yours,

VICTORIA DE LAUSANNE.

The COMTE DE LUZY,

TO

The Marquis DE PALMENE.

WE lament your abſence, my dear Palmene.—We curſe the unlucky accidents that detain you in Paris.—You, however, inſiſt upon our not waiting your return to Belvoir before we ſolemnize our felicity.—In obedience to that command we

have fixed upon to-morrow as the
which is to bless your Luzy
ever.

Ah, my Palmene, when I re
upon all my past inquietudes—
I compare my present charming
spects with those hours of horror
jealousy which once so cruelly
mented me—I am in amaze—I
hardly persuade myself that I am
my perfect senses—and that it is
Victoria—my life—my mistress w
I continually behold.—Good Go
it possible, that after all my wo
after seeing her the wife of an
—after deploring her as lost to
fai

faithful bosom—she should at length be freed from that fatal engagement which had robbed her of peace, and nearly of life—and that she should be now upon the very eve of fulfilling those vows which heaven had so often heard her make in favour of Luzy! —Rejoice with me, my friend, that in returning to the world I have regained the only treasure in it, which could have satisfied a heart as tender and as constant as mine.

Madame De Villineuf is a little altered since I saw her last—it can, however, only be from those ravages which time is wont to make on an

aged form; her mind was ever aimable, was ever exalted—and in that respect Madame De Villineuf has suffered no decay. Her daughter, my lovely Maria, is still as charming as an angel — and her husband, our accomplished Savillon, never shone more than in the character of a married man.

We have had some laughable trouble with Madame De Sanscerre since her arrival at Belvoir. — She affects to repent of having consented so readily to favour our friend Solignac — and she pretends to declare seriously, that she will defer his happi-

ness

neſs to another opportunity. — He ſhrugs his ſhoulders — he makes her a bow *au deſeſpoir*. — I exclaim, "Leave her then, my friend — if ſhe can thus trifle with ſincerity like yours!" Madame De Sanſcerre immediately levels her wit at me — ſome ſhafts penetrate, others recoil upon the fair archer. Solignac is now in a high debate with her on the very ſubject — he pleads her own promiſe being paſſed. — She contends for acting without reſtraint. — It is, however, merely *pour paſſer le tems* — her love for him being, in truth, no leſs violent than his is for her.

Madame

Madame De Savillon and Victoria are walking together in the garden —their converſation ſeems highly intereſting — I have a full view of them from my window. — What beauty — what innocence does each countenance diſplay!—Oh, my Victoria, what a ſhape! what an air! — Pardon my fond pen Palmene — but I cannot behold her unmoved. — Ah, how ſuperior is ſhe to all her ſex—even to her fair friend— who is, in the abſence of Victoria, a maſter-piece of perfection!—They draw near—Victoria looks up — ſhe

ſmiles.

ſmiles. — Heavens, what raptures dwell upon her lips! — They beckon my approach.—I fly to obey.

* * * * * * * * *

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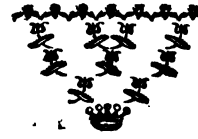

The

The COMTE DE LUZY,

(*In continuation.*)

THIS is the day which has crowned me with felicity, my Palmene. — I am all love — all tumult — all transport. — Let it be marked as the æra of permanent bliss to thy friend. —She comes—I hear her step.—Not another sentence by heaven!

The

The COMTE DE SAVILLON,

(In continuation.)

I BEG leave to congratulate you, dear Marquis, upon the commencement of our friend's *permanent bliss.* —I am just returned from church with him and his angelic bride, Solignac and his bewitching one.—Our company was large—our countenances very joyful. — Madame De Solignac takes from me the pen.

Madame

Madame DE SOLIGNAC,

(In continuation.)

MY good friend, would you think it?—They have married me at last!—I, who so long have contended for widowhood and freedom—have been absolutely entangled by matrimony, without so much as intending to play so foolish a part!—I was told of promises I could not have made in my senses:—I was threatened,

if

if I did not comply, with the desertion of your whole sex: — I was alarmed. — In fine, I have given Solignac my hand—and I heartily wish that he may not repent of this condescension.

The COMTE DE SOLIGNAC.

(In continuation.)

NO, my dear Marquis, I can never repent my poſſeſſing ſo charming a woman! — I ſhall always look back on the moment that made her mine, as the one in which my happineſs was ſecured forever.

Why are you not with us?—We want only your preſence to compleat the feſtivity of the ſcene.—Madame

De

De Luzy appears, and proteſts that ſhe will add a few lines in this joint letter. — Adieu — I reſign to her the pen.

Madame

Madame DE LUZY,

(In continuation.)

IT is now, Marquis, that my felicity is complete, and I have nothing more to wish for.—Luzy is mine—the indissoluble band of marriage has at length crowned those vows which were made long since by the most constant and tender of hearts. Can this life afford any thing

more

more charming than ſuch an union? —No, my dear friend, it is impoſſible.—Come, then, and be a witneſs to this truth.

Madame

Madame DE LUZY,

TO

Madame DE SOLIGNAC *at Paris.*

WE hourly regret your abſence, my dear Julia, and think Belvoir is not Belvoir without you.—Our rural ſports, are however continued—and we have been preſent at a ruſtick marriage, which has given new life to the happy people about us.

us. The pretty Sophia was united to Nannette's brother a week ago.—We danced on the green where the charms of the artless bride had so often shone conspicuous—and in truth there never was a more lovely couple.—Luzy danced a good deal with her—as did Savillon and the Marquis De Villars.—She was the queen of the night—and became the honours that were paid her. A circumstance happened that I will not omit to relate, because I know you will have the pleasure of laughing at me about it.—In fact, I deserve your ridi-

cule—and will therefore give you an opportunity of exercising it.

Among the visitors who were that day invited, came a beautiful young married woman, who is just arrived from Italy.—her name De St. Clare. Monsieur De St. Clare saw her at Bologna—and after a courtship of a very few months made her his, and brought her to his estate near Belvoir.—She is tall—well shaped—has piercing black eyes—and a beautiful languor in them which interests in her favour all who behold them.—She has, however, a spice of coquetry

in

in her diſpoſition that her looks do not give you reaſon to ſuppoſe—but which I diſcovered very ſoon, as you ſhall judge.

Upon Luzy's entrance into the ſaloon, ſhe ſeemed amazed—ſhe aroſe—ſhe conſidered him with attention—ſhe evidently liked his perſon—and after ſettling her *bouquet*, and adjuſting her features, ſhe by the moſt refined art drew him towards her to admire a ſnuff-box, which ſhe had produced as a curious piece of workmanſhip. Upon his approach, ſhe put it in his hands with an air which was perfectly charming—and began a con-

verſation with him, ſo pleaſant and ſo witty in itſelf, as engaged him to draw a ſeat near hers, and keep it up with ſpirit. Here, my dear Solignac, I felt an uneaſy ſenſation.—He handed her to dinner — he ſat himſelf by her ſide — he helped her to the moſt exquiſite delicacies—he layed with her fan—he ventured to draw out a roſe from her *bouquet*, which he faſtened to his coat with an air of grace and gallantry, that to you I need not deſcribe.—I bluſhed —my boſom throbbed—a tear had almoſt ſtarted.—You muſt not ſuppoſe, however, that I was, during this

ſcene,

ſcene, neglected. He ſat oppoſite to me—his eyes would often meet mine, when they would ſpeak "*unutterable things.*" If I ſpoke, he was all attention—when I ſang, he ſeemed to forget every body but Victoria.—Yet I was uneaſy.—Madame De St. Clare I regarded as a dangerous rival.—Her roſy lips—her white and even teeth—the beauty of her hand and arm—all which ſhe endeavoured to ſhew off on this occaſion to the higheſt advantage—perplexed and confuſed me—I regretted already my fate—and thought I read its unhappineſs.

In the evening we assembled on a large lawn, and were entertained with some beautiful fire-works which were played from the adjacent gardens, and which formed a most enchanting sight from the delightful spot where we sat to view them.—Madame De St. Clare, during this scene, strove to attract Luzy who was standing near me, and making some observations on the particular magnificence of a sun that was then letting off. She held in her hand an apple which she proposed to throw—and in a wild and lively manner declared, atalanta like, she would run for it with any

gentleman

gentleman who would accept the challenge. All the men but Luzy avowed themselves ready to engage with her in the race. The Marquis De Villars approached, and, in particular, entreated that he should act the part of Hippomenes on this occasion. She looked at Luzy.—He was polite—he gracefully offered his services also—she accepted of them, and discarded the Marquis. The apple was thrown—they set off—she out-stripped the winds—and Luzy, through gallantry, determined that she should conquer.—She had very nearly obtained the victory, when in her

eagerneſs to ſnatch at it — ſhe, unluckily gave a painful turn to her foot, and fell. — Every perſon flew towards her—and I among the number. When we drew near, I perceived that Luzy had thrown himſelf by her, and had half-raiſed her from the ground. She, however, ſtill ſat on it, and her head reſted on his boſom. Madame De St. Clare either was — or pretended to be faint — volatiles, drops, &c. &c. were adminiſtered, and ſhe was at length able to ariſe, though not without *all the aſſiduity* of the Comte.

When

When the dance on the green commenced, no one could prevail on her to join in it but Luzy. — In ſhort, her behaviour was ſo particular and ridiculous, that it occaſioned much mirth to every body excepting me.

After her departure, the Comte was rallied on the ſubject of her partiality. He laughed heartily — proteſted *the lady did him too much honour*; and I heard him, in a whiſper to Lindor declare, *that ſuch ſtrong love had never been made him before.*

Men, my dear Julia, be they ever ſo ſenſible and amiable, are always

vain of a lady's favour.—He confessed that he believed he enjoyed her's—and was one of the very first to ridicule her folly. This made me, in some measure, easy — but when we were alone, he expressed to me such a thorough disgust of her behaviour, contrasted with the delicate one (as he was pleased to call it) of his too happy Victoria's, as made me feel absolutely ashamed of my unjust fears.—I told him of them, raillying at the same time my own folly, and placing it in the most laughable point of view—he snatched me to his bosom—he asked me, *if his love*

had

had been a common one? He assured me, *That so far from being touched by her charms, he had thought, they were thrown away upon a woman so indelicate, and so imprudent in her conduct.*

Thus, my Julia, have I related a circumstance which will not fail, I am sure, of drawing on me your mirth—and which you must allow, considering my being aware of that, to be an unparalleled piece of generosity.

Nannette refuses to marry a wealthy farmer of this place, merely because she will not part with me. The Comte, however, insists upon her

making the man happy, promiſing that he will place him in affluence on a little eſtate which he means to purchaſe for them near Clarence; and that Nannette, in that caſe, will be always near me. She evidently likes the honeſt man, who with gratitude accepts of this propoſal—and I hope to compromiſe the matter before we leave Belvoir.

I ſhall expect that you will go with us to Clarence. — The whole party here, in one voice, has engaged to accompany us thither in a fortnight. —We ſhall call on you in Paris—but not to ſtay long.—After paying

our respects at Versailles, we mean to bid adieu for some time to that seat of noise and folly, and take up our residence in the ever dear and charming shades of my beloved Clarence. Adieu—embrace our Solignac tenderly for us.

VICTORIA DE LUZY.

Madame

Madame DE LUZY,

TO

The Marquis DE PALMENE.

WE expect your arrival at Clarence, dear Marquis, with impatience. We look forward to it, as an event which will complete the

ſcenes

ſcenes of happineſs that we are engaged in. Madame De Villineuf, Madame De Savillon, and Madame de Solignac, proteſt with me that your company cannot be ſpared on this occaſion. You have promiſed to give it to us ſoon—and in return I gave you my word to tell you all that paſſes in the mean while.

When we arrived at Paris, we prepared for our appearance at Verſailles. The drawing-room was a very full one — but his majeſty did not paſs us ſlightly over. — He congratulated me on my marriage, and paid me ſome compliments, accompanied

with

with that air of graciousness so peculiar to him, which gave them charms that I was not insensible to.

Our reception from the queen was very flattering. The Comte De Artois was by when we had the honour of kissing her majesty's hand. On our retiring from the circle, he joined us. He presented me to Luzy, telling him, *that he had once loved me—but that my virtue and attachment to him, had so steeled my bosom against his persuasions—that he had quitted me in despair.*

"If,

"If, my lord," added he, "she was then proof against my love, how much more invulnerable to it must she be when in the possession of the man, whose bare idea at that time, made her insensible to every other individual of the sex! — I must tell you," pursued the Comte with an air of gallantry, "that in calling this amiable creature yours—I look upon you as the happiest man in the universe."

You may suppose our friend received these speeches with no less grace than they were spoken. — In the vanity of my heart I must declare

clare to you that the whole court appeared charmed with his air and addreſs.—The ladies, you know, ever diſtinguiſhed him—he does not ſeem to have loſt one atom of their favour.

In fine, we have bidden adieu to Verſailles for one while.—We ſet off with our friends the next day for Clarence, whoſe woods and rural beauties, are in high perfection.

Amidſt this ſcene of felicity, my good friend, we adore the beneficent author of our preſent joys, and remember, with penitence, thoſe hours we paſſed in bitterly complaining of our fate. We are become converts to

this truth: that the afflictions which heaven ſends, ſhould always be borne with reſignation — and our hopes of better proſpects ought never to be given up—for that God who chaſtiſes us, can give us comfort, and nothing is ſo pleaſing in his ſight as an entire confidence in his mercy.

Adieu.—We await your coming with impatience.

VICTORIA DE LUZY.

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